The Christian Century PULPIT

A Periodical of Contemporary Preaching

CHARLES CLAYTON MORRISON, *Editor*

VOLUME IX | CHICAGO, NOVEMBER, 1938 | NUMBER 11

ARMISTICE DAY AND THANKSGIVING NUMBER

ALBERT BUCKNER COE
"Can Peace Come in Our Time?"

VICTOR M. RHEIN
"The Christian Dilemma in a Warring World"

JAMES GORDON GILKEY
"Living One's Daily Life With God"

ROBERT FREEMAN
"The Garden of God"

MARK A. DAWBER
"Building a Christian World Community"

JESSE HALSEY
"From a Certain Log Book"

ERNEST FREMONT TITTLE
"A Pastoral Prayer"

PREACHER PROBLEMS

J. H. MARION, JR.
"The Gentle Art of Saying 'No' "

Can Peace Come in Our Time?

BY ALBERT BUCKNER COE

WHEN Mr. Chamberlain came back from Munich he told the British people that they might hope for peace in our time. Over all the world the phrase took fire. All types of minds considered it. Some laughed at it. Some scorned it. Some blindly hoped it might be true. Some trembled as with an ague in mixed scorn, despair and contempt. The prophet's dream—"they shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks"—for some has taken on a new light of hope during the recent crisis; for others it has become, with equal despair, a mockery.

For many the phrase, "peace in our time," is almost empty of meaning. We have dreamed peace, worked for peace, almost laid down our lives for peace; but when we consider the events of the past few months, with Hitler gaining his desired land in Czechoslovakia without a rifle shot, France breaking her promise of aid, and Britain willing to dismember another nation that her nation might live, we are tempted to say that there is no peace. We are bewildered by it all. We are troubled. We find difficulty in even thinking about, much less preaching about peace.

Once we thought that America should join the League of Nations. Now we think it shouldn't. We still feel we were right, at that time, when the League, with America as a member, might have salvaged the troubled world. Now, when we see member nations breaking their promises of loyalty, grasping at their own welfare in the face of the destruction of their friends, when we see the devastation of Spain, the rape of Ethiopia, the conquest of Manchuria, the spiritual murder of Austria and the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia, we draw away from even the thought of entrance into the League.

Once many people believed in collective security. Now, seeing the confusion of tongues, we wonder if it

25 Cents a Copy | Entered as second-class matter October 14, 1929, at Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879. Published monthly by The Christian Century Press, 440 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill | Two Dollars a Year

can ever be worked out. In abject despair we turn our backs upon this collective security which seemed to promise a strong, positive modern method of settling the disputes formerly settled by war. For the present we say with Raymond Gram Swing: "It is a fact—collective security is dead." We may say with Mr. Swing that it "must live again" and believe it with all our souls; but, for the present, "collective security is dead."

Once we believed in disarmament; but now the argument seems to go to those who are strong by right of arms. In the days when Germany was a republic there was a chance for disarmament. Chancellor Bruening, the far-visioned leader of that period, has said so. He said so before a large audience in Chicago only one year ago. But now there is no Chancellor Bruening to talk disarmament. There is instead Adolf Hitler to talk armament, to preach hatred, to maim Jews, to filch money from patriots, to stifle truth and intellectual yearning, to arm, to arm, to arm. Before our dazed eyes march men sprung from dragon's teeth, clothed in helmets with daggers in their hands. We are tempted to doubt the whole dream of disarmament.

TODAY'S BLACK DISILLUSIONMENT

We are completely bewildered in the face of a broken league, a defeated collective security and a fading vision of disarmament. We say in the spirit of the "Land of the Free" by Archibald MacLeish:

> We don't know,
> We aren't sure;
> For twenty years we've been telling ourselves
> That an intelligent world
> Can ward off war—
> That men will not fight again—
> Now we don't know;
> We're wondering,
> We're asking.

In this welter of uncertainty there are a few things that we do know. It is only safe to begin on sure ground. In the first place we know that war is ugly. In ancient days men spent all their lives in the pursuits of war and regretted the cessation of war. That was a day of hand-to-hand conflict—probably little more dangerous comparatively than wrestling bouts of today or golden gloves tournaments. Men made a business of fighting. They hired themselves out to fight. "Soldiering" was a comparatively easy job with not too much danger attached to it. Since the time of the Civil War in this country war's destructiveness has increased. The weapons of warfare have become more deadly and wholesale. Men have been maimed in larger numbers with the increased destructive power of munitions. The screams of women and the agonized faces of children have become a part of the picture of war. Today, with airplanes hurtling here and there at the rate of two hundred miles an hour, dropping their bombs of destruction, wiping out cities, killing non-combatants, we stand aghast. Mr. Chamberlain expressed the tragic reality of modern war methods when he said that he could not subject London to the ravages of a war in which that great city would be assailed from the skies. We have heard that for years Germany has had a complete map of London with its sewage system, its power houses and its most important buildings. These would be the first targets on which bombs would explode. We do not vouch for Mr. Chamberlain's motives but let those who give wholesale condemnation to what he has done be very sure that their imaginations are thoroughly active as to the alternative which faced him.

WAR IS MURDER

War is ugly in its wholesale murder. It is also ugly in its aftermath, both socially and individually. Witness the ravages of our depression. Witness also the following picture in a poem by Ernest Walsh:

> Six years of weak lungs and strong guts,
> Six years of Camp Kearney Hospital number sixty-four,
> In the long stable-like wards.
> Six years of paintless board walls facing a prairie.
> Six years of Good-morning-Kennedy-how-do-you-feel-today?
> Six years of temperature-taking never below a hundred,
> And a pulse a grasshopper would think fast,
> Six years of greasy food cooked by tired underpaid cooks.
> Six years of cold meals eaten mixed up with the smell of dying men
> In the beds around you.
> Six years of this, Kennedy,
> And then meningitis and an American Legion funeral.

In the second place we know that war never settles anything. If we ever thought the great war of 1914-1918 settled anything at Versailles we were painfully disillusioned when Herr Hitler moved his armed forces without restriction into the Sudeten territory early in October of this year, 1938. Following the brutalities of the World War was an equally brutal peace. We all know the iniquity of the Versailles Treaty.

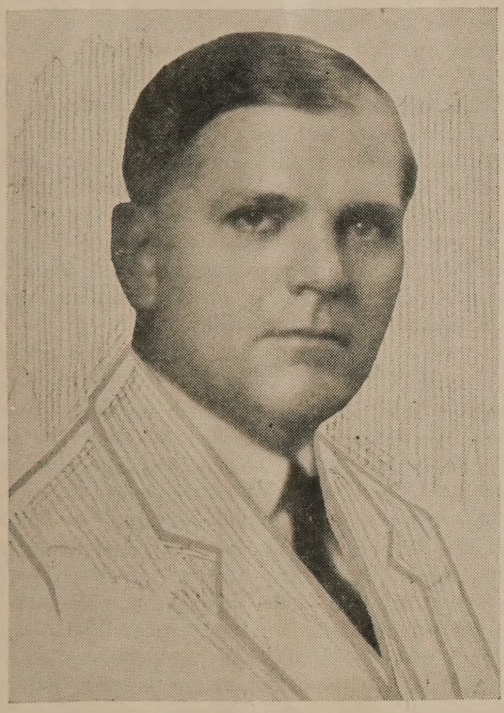
Why was it iniquitous? The answer lies in broken promises. Woodrow Wilson enunciated the fourteen points which Germany accepted as a basis of settlement. Germany was led to accept the fourteen points after Woodrow Wilson had added "Five Particulars" to the fourteen points. The spirit of the entire group of five particulars may be deduced from the first particular: "The impartial justice meted out must involve no discrimination between those to whom we wish to be just and those to whom we do not wish to be just." Not long after these principles were laid down Germany agreed to the armistice. Eventually the powers gathered at Versailles.

WAR AND ECONOMICS

By this time the victorious war lords had made up their minds. The fourteen points were merely fourteen points. The allies had won and to them must go the spoils. Not only must the spoils go to them, but Germany must be humiliated. Germany was made to suffer. She must bear the sole responsibility for the war. Her army was cut down to 100,000 men. She was driven back from her sacred river. She had a burden of reparations put upon her that she could not pay. She was bereft of her colonies. Every possible indignity was forced upon her with the result that hatred was kindled in the national heart—a hatred so

intense that it offered fertile soil for the growth in power of the dictatorship of anyone who could lead her to avenge herself and again walk upright. From this hatred came Adolf Hitler and the growth of nazism. We have often glibly used the phrase "the iniquitous Treaty of Versailles" without really knowing what it meant. Now we see that the Treaty of Versailles gave us much of what we hate and fear today. The war of 1914-1918 did not settle anything. Rather it stirred up greater trouble. War will never settle anything.

In the third place, we know that there are all-important economic causes at the bottom of war. Take



ALBERT BUCKNER COE

just one example of this fact. Economists tell us that there are twenty-five essential raw materials for the life of a strong nation. They are coal, oil, rubber, tin, cotton, wool, iron and steel ores, copper, tin, zinc, manganese, chromium, aluminum, sulphur, etc. A nation that does not have these raw materials must get them by trade with other nations. I traveled during the Emergency Peace Campaign with Dr. Alfred Salter, a member of the British Parliament, and he verifies the following chart showing the supply of raw materials produced by five great powers today:

	Adequate Supply	*Some Supply*	*No Supply*
Great Britain	18	2	5
United States	16	4	5
Japan	3	5	17
Germany	4	2	19
Italy	4	0	21

See how limited Japan, Germany and Italy are. See how well equipped Great Britain and the United States are. Cannot we see readily that Japan and Germany and Italy must trade to secure their needs in these lines? But how could they have traded during most of the past twenty years when tariff walls were built by Great Britain and the United States so high as to prevent trade? Can we wonder that Japan, Italy and Germany became restless for their needed stuffs—restless even to the point of war? Surely our great nations have been asleep in the days when, by meeting needs of others, they might have been preventing the growing spirit of war.

Have not the nations known that population pressures were an overwhelming irritation? Notice the population congestion in certain countries. For every arable square mile of land Russia has 60 people; United States 100; Italy 477; Germany 578; Japan 2,418. The answer to the congestion in Japan and possible congestion in Germany and Italy is not colonies, but foodstuffs and raw materials for factories. Is it any wonder that Adolf Hitler wanted Sudetenland? He did not want that land so much to save the "downtrodden German people" of Sudetenland. He wanted the rich raw materials of the land. He would steal what was not given.

In the welter of uncertainty which surrounds us we have a very small group of facts which we positively know—an irreducible minimum, so to speak. We know that war is ugly, unspeakably so; that war settles nothing; that at the bottom of the whole war system there is the problem of hunger and cold which causes people to fight rather than freeze or starve.

WHAT CAN WE DO—NOW?

Let us now consider those things which can be done in this complicated world scene. There is so much that might be done of which we are not sure. But there are a few things we can do that we know are right. And again these things constitute an irreducible minimum and are based upon the minimum of knowledge which we have gained at such cruel cost.

We can educate. After that we can educate still more. The whole gamut of war causes—economic and political—must be brought to the consciousness of our people. Youth, plastic youth, needs this education; and youth is getting it as never before. Alert teachers are more and more to be found in our schools. Let us be very sure to insist that our school boards give freedom to these teachers as they discuss the great questions that have a bearing upon war and peace. Let youth read and let youth think. Give them constructive counselors. Above all do not circumscribe them with older counselors who live with eyes in the back of their heads. Let youth be free to think and feel in a democracy that we hope is here to stay.

Age needs this education. Too many young people reflect the atmosphere of their homes. We may be grateful that adult education is on the march. Forums are established across this land. In churches and schoolhouses, speakers of note are expressing their views and giving illuminating answers to questions of the hour. Speakers' bureaus are sending everywhere men and

women alert and well informed on international problems. The government has taken a hand and under able leadership is establishing forums throughout the country. Age needs education and age is getting education from the platform and over the radio.

In addition to educating, we can train ourselves in courage to act before it is too late. If Mr. Chamberlain had acted a few months earlier, he might have saved Czechoslovakia from dismemberment. If the victorious allies after realizing the tragedy of Versailles, as they must have realized it very quickly, had readjusted their relationship with Germany, the story might have been different. During the years following the war, when Germany was a republic, we had a chance to correct the mistakes and build solidly for the future. But the Allies did nothing. They followed a "hands off" policy. They closed their eyes and said in substance, "Villain, do thy worst." Because they acted too late, near catastrophe has come.

LOVE IS GREATER THAN HATE

It is not yet too late to remove some of these economic causes of war. Anne O'Hare McCormick reports that Leopold, king of the Belgians, may yet call an economic conference for the adjustment of economic inequalities. The following words of Leopold express his conviction: "We have lived through agonizing hours . . . but, even when there is no war, humanity is engaged in a bitter strife in the midst of such economic disorder as the world has never known." He is eager to act before it is too late. America must likewise be ready to act.

Let us, above all, live by certain spiritual truths in this complicated world. One of these truths is that love is greater than hate. Under no circumstances must we permit ourselves to hate. Hatred is low and debasing and unchristian. Japan is wrong in going into China. She does evil. She sins. Let us be sure of that. But we must not hate the Japanese people. Italy was wrong in going into Ethiopia. But we must not hate the Italian people. During the World War, fanned by the blasts of propaganda we hated the German people with a great bitterness. When the war was over we found that the masses of German people had never wanted the war and loathed the necessity that had been put upon them. The Quakers do not hate. Perhaps we of the larger Christian world can take a lesson from this smaller group. And not only must we refuse to hate; we must love. Love disdains injustice, meanness and revenge. Love thinketh no evil and doeth no evil. Love is the greatest thing in the world, greater than war and able to conquer war.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN WITHIN

Why, oh why, should it be necessary to stress this injunction not to hate! How many times we have heard it casually said in these last twenty years: "We must not hate any people, it is the governments that do these things." But we have forgotten. Once more we are learning to hate. One hears it again: "I hate Hitler—those German people." Let us not hate! Let us love!

Again we must apply the spiritual truth that the Kingdom of Heaven, the possibility of world peace, is within us, who are citizens of America. And never will it come in the world until it comes in our hearts, in our American civilization. Howard Vincent O'Brien, columnist for the *Chicago Daily News,* recently poked fun at the crowds of well dressed women who attend large luncheon meetings to hear Lady Somebody or the Duchess of Something give a bit of gossip on the European scene—these same well dressed women being unable to name their congressmen, still less able to judge of their views on our own economic necessities and the needs of the world. Has it come to this, that we have a curiosity for the far-off hills and little or no interest for the hills at home? If peace is to come in our time we must manage life in America wisely and well. We heedlessly turned under cotton a few years ago when Italy needed cotton. We killed hogs in Iowa when Germany needed fats. For our own profit we allow suffering to exist in America and greater suffering in the world at large. We have a responsibility for America and for the rest of the world. We, with our power, can help do away with war. But we cannot do it until we are willing to suffer for a just democracy here in America and for a just international order. The Kingdom of Heaven is within us.

PEACE IS SURE TO COME

Another spiritual truth by which we must live and because of which we can take hope is this: "The meek shall inherit the earth." Moffatt translates the word "humble." The great men of the world have been humble. Lincoln was humble. Socrates was humble. Jesus was humble. Eventually these men triumphed. Hitler, master of Germany, seems far from humble. The moral law still holds—that the humble shall inherit the earth. Hitler's regime cannot in the nature of things triumph. It too will pass. Let us live with hope and faith, without desperation or panic—trusting in this moral law.

Peace will come. The ideal of peace could not exist without the possibility of its accomplishment. That fact is in the very nature of God. And now we see it more clearly than ever, for out of the dark days of the past few weeks we have come to see that nations, seemingly for the first time, are realizing the tragedy of war and refusing to take part in it. The dreams of the prophets were not idle dreams. Jesus did not die in vain. Force does not rule the world. Peace will come. It can come in our time if, holding fast to the things we know, we exercise courage to do the things we know must be done, living by the great spiritual truths which have been given us by Jesus. Angela Morgan has well expressed the dream:

> I sing the song of a new Dawn waking,
> A new wind shaking
> The children of men.
> I say the hearts that are nigh to breaking
> Shall leap with gladness and live again.
> . . . . .
> Healing is here! O brother, sing it!
> Laugh, O heart, that has grieved so long.

Love will gather your woe and fling it
Over the world in waves of song.

Hearken, mothers, and hear them coming—
Heralds crying the day at hand.
Faint and far as the sound of drumming,
Hear their summons across the land.
Look, O fathers! Your eyes were holden—
Armies throng where the dead have lain.
Fiery steeds and chariots golden—
Gone is the dream of soldiers slain.
Sing, O sing of a new world waking,
Sing of creation just begun.
Glad is the earth when morn is breaking—
Man is facing the rising sun!

The Christian Dilemma In a Warring World

By Victor M. Rhein

My kingdom is not of this world: if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight. John 18:36.

WHAT is the Christian attitude toward war? This issue is not always easy to determine. Theoretically most of us would agree that the Christian religion demands peace and condemns war. The essence of the Christian attitude toward war is that it is sin, and no amount of rationalization can make it otherwise. The recognition of this fact has led Dr. Fosdick to say, "War is the world's greatest collective sin."

To say that war is sin does not necessitate much explanation. One needs only to think that war is the wholesale slaughter of men, women and children. Society takes into custody anyone who assaults or murders another. But in war such an act is glorified as a heroic deed. One needs only think of the pious telegrams the former Kaiser of Germany sent to his wife during the last war. The *London Punch* in a parody eloquently "takes him off":

By faith divine, my dear Augusta,
We've had another awful buster;
Ten thousand Frenchmen sent below,
Praise God from whom all blessings flow!

The glorification of war does not, however, remove the sin. Blockade, with its starvation of innocent children, is a part of war. Truth perishes and propaganda takes its place. Love goes and is displaced by hate. Morals are displaced by lust and caprice. And so one might go on enumerating the sins that war is.

But merely to pronounce it sin does not settle the issue. Men still participate in it. On two fronts at this very moment men are fighting. In many other nations men have long been under arms and their rulers have been madly preparing further armaments. One is led to wonder what the outcome will be.

It is not our purpose to discern the relative merits of this prophecy. Rather, we are interested in the attitude we are to take toward it as Christians.

THREE ATTITUDES TOWARD WAR

When one faces the issue of war there are three major attitudes one may take toward it. First, he may support his government in any and all circumstances. This attitude grows from a belief that man's first duty is to the state. The state was not made for man, but man for the state. Man's patriotism is judged by the support he gives his government. This attitude was expressed by Tennyson in his poem "The Charge of the Light Brigade":

Theirs not to reason why
Theirs but to do and die.

The second attitude men may take is more reserved. One refuses to support the government in any war except one of self-defense. Theoretically there is a great difference between these two positions. Practically there is but little difference. For we must remember that all our wars are fought in self-defense. A nation strikes first and becomes an aggressor. If you were in the Japanese army on the China front today you would be fighting a defensive war. The Japanese are very careful to make that point clear. Yet China would have been the least likely nation in the world to strike Japan.

The third attitude one may take toward war is the refusal to participate in any and all wars. This position issues, for one thing, from a belief that war is sin. For another, it believes that war does not accomplish its ends. It did not make the world safe for democracy in the last one. Rather it led to the establishment of nineteen dictators, as someone has computed. It did not end war, as it set out to do; rather it sowed dragon's teeth all over the world. For another thing, it springs from a refusal to kill one's fellow men. And still another, it springs from a belief that the way of Christ and the way of war are absolutely irreconcilable.

Consider for a moment the contrast between the Christ-way and the war-way. We can state it best in this paragraph from Leyton Richards, of England. He says: "The way of war is destructive, of Christ redemptive; war seeks to overcome evil by the infliction of injury on the evildoer or his agents, Jesus on the cross by the endurance of the utmost injury that the evildoer cares to inflict; war treats men as things, Jesus always treated them as living souls capable of responding to the love of God; he sought to kill the enmity where war operates by killing the enemy; Jesus lost the battle in order to win men, while war crushes men in order to achieve victory."

THE CHRISTIAN'S DILEMMA

But here is our dilemma. We are Christians. To avoid being disinherited we must live as Christians. The way of war and the way of Christ are irreconcilable. To be Christian we cannot participate in war. Yet we live in a world where war is the accepted way of settling international disputes and where one's patriotism is judged by the support he gives his government. What shall we do?

Could you, asks someone, stand by and see a bully assault a little child? No; Jesus himself indicated that it were better that a millstone were hanged about such

an one's neck and he were cast into the sea than that one of those little ones should be offended. Then how can you stand by and see one nation offend another? At such a time one must express his righteous indignation by the use of the only language that will be understood—the sword. And when it comes to an enemy invading one's own land the issue becomes even more acute. How could you refuse to fight under such circumstances? That, in a nutshell, just about states the issue, does it not? Now, Mr. Preacher, how will you answer?

For one thing, one must consider the authority of the Christ. Here was one who incarnated in the person of

VICTOR M. RHEIN

a man the spirit of God. It was through him that God made himself better known to men. Jesus thought like God and not like men. In him God revealed to us the way, the truth and the life. If one believes that, he has a new grasp upon life. There is no other alternative than to yield one's conscience in obedience to that God whom he reveals.

VICTORS IN WAR ARE LOSERS

We have already intimated the way he took. Rather than take the sword he accepted the cross. That night when Jesus was being arrested by the temple guard Peter swung his sword at one of the soldiers and severed an ear. Jesus turned to Peter and said: "Put up again thy sword into its place: for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." To say that Jesus took the cross rather than the sword sounds very much like defeat. But is it?

For five thousand years, from the beginning of history until now, men have fought in wars. Whole civilizations have been massed for wholesale slaughter. And what has been accomplished? Victor and vanquished alike have returned from the battlefields exhausted only to prepare for another struggle. Lloyd Douglas, in his book *White Banners,* makes Philip Raymond say to Hannah Parmalee: "Every time they fought they came out of it with more problems on their hands than they'd had before, plus the loss of the best and bravest people. More problems, and fewer brains left to deal with them." History has found peace to be the tranquil period between wars. The foe is vanquished: the victor is likewise defeated in the long run. Rome conquered all the known world and so outstretched herself that she fell. Spain, the empire-builder of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, is now paying the price. She may have refined the gold and silver of Mexico but that very wealth was her destruction.

But the cross wins men. Its method may be a long-time look, but it wins. Jesus was seemingly defeated but today he captures the loyalties, affections and allegiances of thousands who would die for his cause. But Caesar, whose military strong arm killed him, is dead.

THE REAL ENEMY

That picture of the contrast which Charles Rann Kennedy gives us in "The Terrible Meek" is more than poetry. The captain of the soldiers who have crucified the Christ sees the difference between Christ's way and his own. He says to the mother of Jesus:

> Already our kingdoms are beginning to totter.
> Possess the earth?
> Why, we have lost it! We never did possess it!
> We have lost both the earth and our own souls
> In trying to possess it!
> For the soul of the earth is men and the love of man,
> And of them both we have made a despair and a desolation!
>
> I tell you, my good woman, this dead son of yours,
> Disfigured, shamed, spat upon,
> Has built a kingdom this day that shall never die.
> The living glory of him will ever rule it.
> The earth is his and he made it.
> He and his brothers have been molding and making it
> Through all the long ages.

Note what happened in the southern half of this Western Hemisphere in 1905. Argentine and Chile came to the point where war was dangerously imminent. The citizens of the two nations came together and prayed about it and sought a Christian solution. In the end war was averted and the guns of Chile and Argentine were melted and molded into a great statue of Christ now standing on a peak of one of the Andes mountains. The cross had won! Injury was not inflicted upon injury. It was the enmity that was killed and not the enemy.

Channing Pollock in his almost classic drama, "The Enemy," pointed out that the real enemy is not the foe at whom we shoot. The real enemy is the enmity and fear we carry in our hearts. From a Christian standpoint the enemy is the belief "that war falls within the sanction of civilization or even Christianity." It is against that belief that Jesus fought and against which

many conscientious objectors in the last war rebelled.

We have indicated the dilemma in which a Christian finds himself in the world. We have shown that he must depend upon the authority of the Christ, whose acceptance of the cross as an alternative to the sword history has vindicated. We must proceed to indicate, for another thing, that for the Christian today the dilemma can only be escaped by taking no less a path than that of the Christ. "The disciple is not above his teacher, nor the servant above his Lord."

If one is convinced that war is sin he cannot participate in it and expect to have a clear conscience any more than he can commit adultery and expect to be comfortable about it. It is a peculiar thing how distorted our Christian conscience can become. People who would not think of violating their marriage vow will participate in war. Christian people who would stand aghast at a minister who prayed God to sanction adultery, nonetheless demand that he pray for the blessing of God upon war. And yet, from a religious point of view, and from a sociological standpoint, adultery is a minor infraction of the moral law when compared to war.

Many people today contend that it is impossible to say in advance what they will do in the event of war. A famous youth leader stood before a vast youth conference not many months ago and suggested that it is immoral to say what one would do. There is some very confused thinking.

We are saying that the disciple of Christ can do no less than make the commitment of Christ. He owes his first allegiance to God. And one must commit his ways to God and leave the consequences in God's hands. We believe that God can take our defeats, if they must come in our commitment to his way, and turn them into great victory just as he did with the Christ.

WHAT COMMITMENT TO CHRIST MEANS

The man of war risks everything for his conviction. The man of peace can expect to do no less for his conviction. One must be expected to have every possible demand made upon his spiritual resources. If time permitted we might show in more detail the exigencies which arise in taking this kind of stand for the way of Christ in a time of war. From the history of the past war it would be safe to say that the hardships of the trenches are easy in comparison to what the disciple of Christ faces. That is the reason so few face his way. But the high thinkers will not equivocate with their convictions merely because the risks are more hazardous. Their thought is upon the kingdom. They hear the conditions of discipleship which Christ states: "Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple."

May we hasten to point out briefly one other thing in considering the Christian dilemma. It is this: we are citizens of a kingdom not of this world. It is a kingdom to be realized here in this world, but so different from what we now see as the kingdoms of men that they can never be identified. This is the kingdom of God. This kingdom cannot be established by the methods of war. That was what Jesus meant when he said: "My kingdom is not of this world: if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight."

Many people look upon Soviet Russia as the kingdom of God. Some Christian preachers have even expounded it from their pulpits. But look at it—established by violence and slaughter, and forced to execute hundreds of men to maintain itself. No kingdom of God will ever be built upon violence.

The Sermon on the Mount is the blueprint of that kingdom for which Christ came and the power of the cross is its dynamic. Such a kingdom cannot be shaken because it is built upon what God has made. It may be slow in coming but is as inevitable as night which follows the day. It is God's kingdom and he will bring it into existence when men cooperate with him and put its righteousness first.

SLAVERY AND WAR

Leyton Richards tells how a few years ago, in the British House of Parliament, a member of the Labor party, a Mr. Clynes, was heckled for a statement of the guiding principle to be exercised in the foreign relations. Mr. Clynes replied: "We haven't definitely formulated it, but I think we should base it on the Sermon on the Mount." At that a "testy old admiral" arose and in consternation shouted: "Gentlemen, gentlemen, if you are going to base the foreign policy of the British Empire on the Sermon on the Mount, then all I have to say is, 'God help England.' " And like a flash motivated by a great inspiration, Mr. Clynes retorted, "And he will!" That is the confidence of the courageous disciple of the Christ.

May we suggest in conclusion, for those who say this is an unrealistic and inadequate picture, that something of the same thing was said about human slavery in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. There were men who said slavery was inevitable. Even Christian preachers exercised their mental capacities in trying to prove that it was ordained of God. But with all that, the latter half of the nineteenth century saw the end of chattel slavery. And why? Because of the persistence of the Christian conscience in condemning it. The twentieth century may see the end of war if Christians arise and take their stand against it as did Livingstone and Wilberforce and others against the issue of slavery.

Their passion for the outlawry of slavery must become the passion of this century in the task of outlawing war. No better prayer could be voiced than that which was the dying breath of Livingstone which is inscribed on his tomb in Westminster Abbey: "May Heaven's richest blessing come down on everyone—American, English, Turk—who will help to heal this open sore of the world."

A CHURCH halting between two or three opinions on the question of war will be a church inevitably unable to march forward with directness and sincerity to the fulfillment of its task.

CANON C. E. RAVEN.

Living One's Daily Life With God

By James Gordon Gilkey

IN 1819 a boy named Arthur Hugh Clough was born in Liverpool, England. His father was a cotton merchant, and when Arthur was three years of age the family migrated to the United States and settled in Charleston, South Carolina. The ties with England remained strong, however, and when it came time for the boy to be educated he was sent back to his native land. First he enrolled in a school for small boys in Chester, then he went on to the famous school at Rugby, and finally he entered one of the colleges at Oxford. After finishing the course there he taught at Oxford for a time, and then began traveling far and wide. On his travels he wrote a great deal of verse, some of which has survived until today. Here is a little poem in which he states his theory of life, and his theory of the way in which all of us should face life:

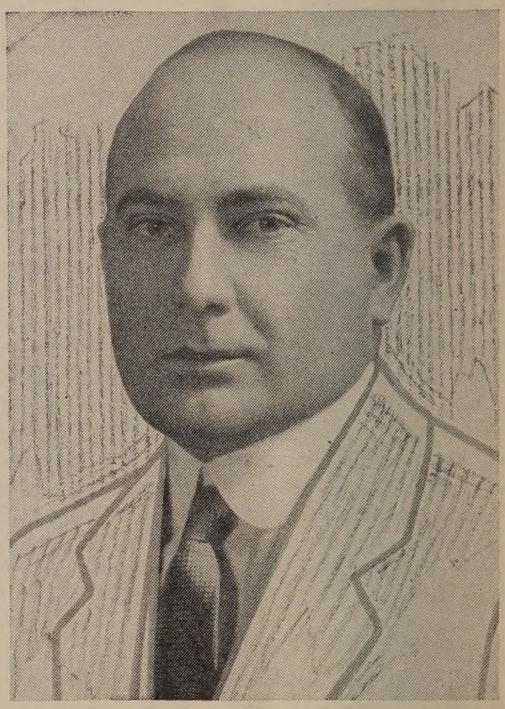
The world is very ill, we see,
  We cannot comprehend it;
But in one point we all agree—
  God won't, and men can't, mend it.
Being common sense, it can't be sin
  To take life as we find it;
The pleasure, to take pleasure in,
  The pain, try not to mind it.

A LIFE LIVED WITH GOD

That is the way in which most people today look at life. They admit life is a riddle, and then they try eagerly to find what happiness they can as the shadowed years pass. Whenever a fortunate thing happens, they promptly seize the enjoyment it offers. When disaster comes, they shrug their shoulders and endure their suffering with the best grace they can muster. This is the average man's theory of life, the average man's way of living—and I want to be the first to say there is much to commend in this philosophy. A man with this attitude and this technique of living takes things as they come, has a good time while he can, faces his share of the world's pain without wincing, and usually refrains from making himself a problem for other people. Here is modern stoicism at its best, and my guess is that it is the theory of life and the way of living which have been adopted—consciously or unconsciously—by most people today.

Yet there is, as many of us realize, an entirely different way of looking at life. Recently it has been stated with great vividness by Miss Muriel Lester, one of the outstanding religious leaders in England. Miss Lester was born in Essex, England, in 1883—the daughter of a wealthy shipbuilder. She received the conventional education and training of a well-to-do English girl, but one day in her twentieth year the entire direction of her interests was suddenly altered. She and some of her contemporaries went on what we would call a slumming party, in the wretched Bow District in East London. There she found herself in some twenty square miles of congestion, poverty, dirt, suffering and wickedness. As she gazed in astonishment at the conditions under which the girls of her own age in the Bow District were trying to live, she suddenly resolved to devote herself to the task of alleviating—in some measure, at least—their appalling misery.

That was in 1903, and ever since that time Miss Lester has been living and working in that desolate part of London. She has organized an extraordinary settlement house named Kingsley Hall, and today she and nine other social workers are permanent residents there. Each worker, Miss Lester herself included, receives a small room, food at a common table, and a salary of exactly seven dollars per month. As Miss Lester explains, it is "voluntary poverty in the midst of compulsory poverty." Listen now to the words in which she states her view of life and her way of living. To her fellow workers Miss Lester says this:



James Gordon Gilkey

> When you wake in the morning, immediately greet God as an objective reality—an Unseen Presence close beside you. Picture him as radiant beauty, creative power, unfailing serenity and love. Before you come down to breakfast, make a prayer dedicating your entire day to God and his service. Remember that he has some lovely mission for you to perform if you will put yourself unreservedly in his hands. At each meal during the day thank God for his mercy in providing food for you, and then make a prayer for those who must go hungry. They too are God's children, but they are less fortunate than you. As you go about your work throughout the day, remember that all the individuals whom you meet belong to God just as you do. Keep praying for them, and as you pray remember that their problems can be solved—solved by the God who

is continually sending his light and life into human hearts. At the end of the day, in a moment of silence and in the conscious presence of God, let the failures and anxieties of the day pass through your mind and then vanish forever. As they vanish, God will lift the burden from your spirit, will make everything begin to seem clear again. When you finally drop to sleep, let your last thought be this—"Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

TWO WAYS OF LIVING

What a difference between Clough's view of life and Miss Lester's! What a difference between these two ways of living! Clough was trying to make the best of a dark and lonely world: Miss Lester lives her daily life happily with God.

Suppose now that you have always looked at life in Clough's way, but that you would like to look at life in Miss Lester's way. Suppose you would like to begin here and now living your daily life with God. How can you start? What should you do? These are questions which, quite obviously, go to the very heart of personal religion. For many weeks I have been pondering them, and this morning I should like to share with you my own answers to them.

There are, I believe, two distinct efforts involved in gaining such a view of life and such a way of living as Miss Lester's. The first is the gradual acquisition of certain personal religious convictions, the second the gradual creation of certain personal religious habits. When any individual wins these convictions and builds these habits, he gradually makes his way out of the tense and lonely way of living pictured in Clough's poem, and begins to live moment by moment in the conscious companionship of God. What now are these convictions and these habits? Suppose we begin by discussing the convictions.

GOD IS ABOUT US

If you want to live your daily life with God, the first conviction you must win is the belief that God's life actually and continuously surrounds yours. You must make yourself able to say with utter assurance, "In Him I live and move and have my being." How now can you win that belief? Perhaps this picture will help you. Before you is an oak tree, standing on a hill top. The tree began growing there many years ago, and as it emerged from the sapling stage it began to put forth leaves—more and more of them every year. Now that the tree is full grown, it produces each spring literally thousands of leaves. They emerge in May, pass through their appointed growth-cycle during the summer, and then wither and disappear in November. But while these successive generations of leaves thus come and go, three abiding realities surround that tree. They are the air, the light, the warmth of the sun. They surrounded the oak tree when it was only a sapling, they surround it now in its fully developed splendor, and they will surround it in the coming years whatever the ultimate destiny of the tree proves to be. Furthermore these three abiding realities surround each generation of leaves which the tree puts forth, and surround each leaf in each generation of leaves. Within the air, the light, the warmth of the sun each leaf—even the tiniest one—can always say: "Within this air, this light, this warmth I live and move and have my being."

Surely you see the meaning of my picture! That tree is the life process, those successive generations of leaves are the successive generations of human beings brought forth by the life process, each individual leaf is a person. The abiding realities? They are the life, the love, the power of God. Those realities enfolded the life process when, millions of years ago, it began its slow evolution. They enfold the life process today: they will enfold it in the far future—whatever the far future may bring. Furthermore, the life and the love and the power of God enfold every generation of human beings, and enfold every individual in every generation. Even the tiniest leaf on that oak tree is surrounded—actually and continuously surrounded—by the air, the light, the warmth of the sun. So your life is always surrounded by the all-encompassing, never failing life and love and power of God.

You want to start living your daily life with God? Here is the way to begin. Think of the leaves on that tree, each one moving and shimmering in the air, the light, the sun's warmth. There is a picture of the way in which you and I and every other human being dwell within the all-embracing life of God.

GOD UNDERSTANDS US

The second conviction you must gain if you want to live your daily life with God is the conviction that God really knows each one of us individually—understands our problems, our needs, our hopes, our desires. Do you find it hard to believe this? Perhaps this argument will help you, as it has certainly helped me.

There is a little child in a cradle, a child whose mind has just begun to develop. That child has only one way of gaining a knowledge of other people. It is by looking at them. Obviously the child cannot talk with other people, listen to them, or read about them: he can merely look at them. Because the child's means of knowing other people are limited, his acquaintance too is limited. As a matter of fact there are only five human beings whom he knows. They are his two parents, his nurse, his brother, his sister. Turn now to the child's father, a man of thirty. That father has acquired many additional ways of gaining a knowledge of other people. He can look at them, and in addition listen to them, talk with them, read about them, cooperate with them. Thanks to this expansion of the father's powers, the father's range of acquaintance is far greater than the child's. There are perhaps five hundred people whom the father knows, knows individually. Turn now to the child's grandfather, a man of sixty. It happens that he has mastered several languages, that he has traveled far and wide, that he has engaged in many different undertakings with many different groups of people, and that he possesses an unusual ability to remember names and faces. How many individuals does that grandfather know, know personally? It would be impossible to compute the number. Turn now from the human mind in this

highly developed form, and consider the mind of God —the mind of a Being great enough to conceive a universe as old, as vast, as incredibly complex as ours. How many ways of knowing people would such a God presumably possess? How many individual human beings would such a God be able to hold separately in his thought?

> O Lord, Thou hast searched me and known me,
> Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising,
> Thou understandest my thought afar off.

When I see the advance from the mind of a child to the mind of a young man and then to the mind of a mature man, and when I carry that rising line on and up until it reaches the mind of God—then I can believe that the words of that Psalm are utterly true. You want to begin living your daily life with God? You must win this faith that God really knows each one of us individually.

GOD IS AT WORK IN OUR LIVES

There is one other conviction which you must win. It is the belief that God is really at work in your life, at work there all the time. This is the point at which most people today have, I think, their most stubborn doubts. Most people say, "The more I study myself the more clearly I realize that many different forces are influencing my actions, my words, even my thoughts. The force of inheritance, the force of habit, the force of sheer coincidence—I find them all affecting my career. I discover that hundreds of other human beings —past and present, near and far, known and unknown —are also influencing my life. Then I find that social customs, political institutions, economic traditions are exerting perceptible pressures upon me. Where does God come into my tangled situation? Do you maintain that he annihilates or overrules these other powers, and then manipulates my life in accordance with some single and consistent divine plan?" We never say that God works in such a way. What we say is that God's power, in addition to all these other powers, continually impinges on your life. It gives you what help, what guidance, what sustaining strength it can; and it never stops exerting its silent, secret, kindly pressure.

Think again of that oak tree on the hill top. Are the kindly influences of air and light and warmth the only influences which act upon that tree? Certainly not. A hundred other influences are there—influences ranging all the way from the ones exerted by the chemical substances present in the soil, to the ones exerted by the electricity darting downward from a perilous thunder cloud overhead. Many influences play upon that tree, upon those successive generations of leaves, upon each leaf in each generation of leaves. But all the time there are, within that complex horde of influences, the kindly powers of air and light and warmth. Upon your life numberless influences are falling, among them the friendly influences that come from God himself. Beyond and above the powers which are so obvious and sometimes so menacing is this further power—the power of a God whose life enfolds your life, whose mind knows you through and through, whose love is always seeking to do for you all that Divine Love can do.

You want to start living your daily life with God? You must gain these three convictions about God. They are the intellectual prerequisites of the religious experience which you seek.

TESTIMONY TRUE TO LIFE

Now that you have begun to think of God in these new ways, you will be able to see new meanings in the words by Miss Lester which I read a few moments ago. When I first quoted those words they may have seemed strange, unconvincing, exaggerated. Listen now while I read some of them again. How true, how real they begin to be!

"When you wake in the morning immediately greet God as an objective reality, an Unseen Presence close beside you." Of course! The leaf on the oak tree is greeting the all-surrounding air and light and warmth. "Dedicate your entire day to God and his service, remembering that he has some lovely mission for you to perform if you will put yourself unreservedly in his hands." Of course! God's mind is great enough to know that you are willing to serve him, great enough to know how the people near you need to be served, and great enough to waken in your mind the impulse to give them the help which they need and which you are in a position to bring. "At the end of the day let the failures and anxieties of the day pass through your mind, and then vanish forever. God will lift the burden from your spirit, will make everything begin to seem clear again." O how true those words are! The tragic forces in life do bring failures and anxieties, but meantime God's healing power is also at work. "He restoreth my soul" . . . how real, how true it all begins to be when we picture God in the right way!

So much for the convictions about God which we must win if we are to live our daily life with him. What now are the personal religious habits which we must build if we are to sustain day after day, year after year, our consciousness of God's presence? Some of these habits I shall not discuss today. I shall not discuss, for example, the all-important habit of cleansing one's inner life continually—cleansing it from fear, greed, malice, envy. Rather I shall call your attention to two other habits which are of immense practical importance to those individuals who seek to live their daily life with God.

THE HABIT OF SILENCE

The first is the habit of seeking occasional moments of complete isolation, undisturbed silence. Surely you realize that such moments are one of the great gifts which a church service like this offers! Here at last all of us have the chance to achieve isolation, even though many other people are here seeking it too. Conversation is halted, each one of us withdraws into himself, no interruptions are permitted to break in from the busy world outside. Isolation, silence . . . and anyone who wants to maintain in his life a steady sense of God's companionship needs at frequent intervals such an experience as you are having here today.

Did you ever read Whittier's statement on this point? Someone suggested to Whittier that he could

gain quite as much isolation, quite as much silence, if he communed with Nature as he could if he took his place at the Quaker meeting. Here is Whittier's discerning reply:

Think not, my friend, because I seek
This quiet shelter twice a week,
I better deem its pine-laid floor
Than breezy hill or sea-sung shore.
But Nature is not solitude:
She crowds us with her thronging wood,
Her many hands reach out to us,
Her many tongues are garrulous,
She will not leave our senses still
But drags them captive at her will.
And so I find it well to come
For deeper rest to this still room,
For here the habit of the soul
Feels less the outer world's control,
And from this silence—multiplied
By these still forms on either side—
The world which Time and Sense have known
Falls off, and leaves us God alone.

The other habit which all of must build is closely related to the first. In our moments of isolation and silence we must deliberately take our mind off our immediate problems and responsibilities, and make ourselves view our life as a whole. Most people, particularly people who pride themselves on efficiency, focus their thoughts intently on one little problem after another, and move through the years like ants busy with successive grains of sand but entirely oblivious of the landscape. This habit may make for efficiency in minute-by-minute performance, but I am sure you will agree that it does not make for an understanding of life-as-a-whole, or for a development of a vivid and an abiding sense of God.

VIEWING LIFE AS A WHOLE

Suppose, here and now, you stop thinking about this afternoon's task and this evening's responsibilities. Take your mind off today, tomorrow, this week, this year. Look at your life as a whole: what do you see? You see the years of your childhood and youth spent in acquiring three great powers—the power to think, the power to distinguish right from wrong, the power to set up a fine ideal for yourself and then struggle toward it. The building of those powers was God's purpose for you in the first ten, twenty, thirty years of life. Once those powers were built, God could speak to you through them—through your power to think, through your power to distinguish right from wrong, through your power to build ideals. Now look at these later years of your life: what do you see there? Behind and beyond the little events that have made up the busy days, you see two great things taking place. You see yourself developing your finer abilities, you see yourself helping other people develop theirs. There is God's purpose for you in the years since your childhood and your youth.

You say it is hard for you to keep a vivid sense of God's presence? You say you lose him in the hurry and confusion of the overcrowded days? Stop looking so intently at the successive grains of sand. At moments like these forget the grains of sand, lift your eyes, gaze at the eternal hills.

Out of four and twenty hours
To take a slender sheaf of moments,
Then to open and air one's life
In the May morning of Eternity—
To do this will not, O anxious Self,
Leave the daily cares and duties
Naked to the little foxes:
Rather it will guard them
With a golden bayonet.
So swing wide the dormer window of Now
To the sunlit breezes of Forever!

Suppose you do all these things: what will happen? It may be that, for a time, nothing will happen. Then suddenly, at some moment when you least expect it, God will become overwhelmingly real and near and dear to you. In that moment you will gain for all time the ability to live as Miss Lester lives—in the conscious companionship of God.

WHEN THE PRESENCE BECOMES REAL

As I end this sermon let me read an account of this experience as it came, many years ago, to a woman here in New England. This woman writes: "One Sunday morning twenty-five years ago I went to a church service solely out of deference to the desire of one of my friends. Dr. A. J. Gordon of Boston was the preacher, and I remember distinctly that nothing he said that morning impressed me at all. At the close of the service I found I was expected to attend a class which his wife was teaching. I distinctly remember that I was somewhat bored by her opening remarks, and that after a minute or two I paid little attention to her. But then she made a prayer, and it was during her prayer that the experience which I am now trying to describe came to me. All I can say about it is that it brought me a sudden, overwhelming, and utterly unexpected sense of God's reality and nearness. There were of course no physical manifestations of God's presence, nor were there any physical sensations on my part. What came was simply a sudden sense of a Presence—a Presence infinitely true and pure, tender and near. It broke through all my preconceived notions about God, and revealed itself to me in such power and beauty that even today—twenty-five years later—that moment stands out as the most vivid single moment of my entire life. Never before have I spoken of the experience to anyone, or tried to describe it in words. But there it is—the strongest religious influence I have ever known."

You are wondering if such an experience will ever come to you? Perhaps it will come right now . . . right now, as we wait here in this silence, in the presence of God himself.

One result of the unbelief of our day is the tragedy of trying to live a maximum life on a minimum faith. How strange: in an age which will have no inhibitions, many are actually inhibiting the finest faculty of human nature. What we need is not faith in more things, but more faith in a few profound things.

Rufus M. Jones.

The Garden of God

A Thanksgiving Sermon

By Robert Freeman

Thou hast been in Eden, the garden of God. Ezekiel 28:13.

THERE is but little of the Bible devoted to the garden. The Book opens in Eden. Here and there, as in the Song of Songs, we are conscious of the exquisite beauty and fragrance to be found within oriental walls: "Awake, O north wind, and come thou south; blow upon my garden that the spices thereof may flow out. . . . Let my beloved come into his garden and eat his pleasant fruits." Here and there we have the cry of a prophet: "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad; the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." But it is the voice of one crying in the wilderness, and the garden is far away. Toward its close we become familiar with Gethsemane, but the hill that is named Golgotha is too near to suffer us to be very mindful of the garden. We have a feeling that man was in Eden only long enough to sow a few weeds and to be evicted as an undesirable tenant, that the greater part of life is spent under the blistering sun and out where all is baked and barren, that any little garden plots we may succeed in planting are too deeply shadowed by labor and by sorrow to grow the flowers our hearts desire.

Where Envy Goes Astray

We are all fully conscious of the hardness of our own lives and of the ease of someone else's. None of us is wholly free from envy. None of us, however white our record, can plead not guilty when the tenth commandment is read: "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house; thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's." So keen are our eyes to see the desirable things that are held in another's possession, we often pass all unremarked the very treasures for which we ourselves are envied.

Here, for example, are a young husband and wife perplexed with the problem of making ends meet, to whom no day brings enough. They are taking a Sunday afternoon stroll, and as they walk their eyes are lifted to the big house over there with its wide lawn, its roomy porches, the limousine standing under the port-cochere, the promise of everything to be desired within the costly walls. They cannot prevent the wish that rises in their hearts, but there is something they don't know. The owner of that palatial home is in bed, and that bed is drawn close to an upper window that the sick woman may see the last rosy touches of the sun upon the mountains that belong to us all. From that vantage ground she sees something that stirs her heart with infinite longing. She sees a young man and a maid just beginning life as she once began it, facing together all its struggles and uncertainties and losses and gains as she once faced them with another, and she drops her head upon her easy pillow, while her nurse wipes from her eyes tears of envy, envy of those who envy her. None of us desires charity. We want to give fair exchange for value received, but are seldom willing to turn over the daisies and the poppies in our little garden in exchange for the bouquet we desire from the conservatory of someone else. The young people on the sidewalk can't give youth and hope and love to the lady in that upper chamber, though she needs and desires those blossoms of theirs as much as they need and desire hers.

'Be Content With Such As Ye Have'

Let us postulate the fact that each one of us has to suffer. No earthly state renders us immune to sorrow. No armor of prosperity is impervious to the poisoned darts of wickedness. You may wish for a share of that family's fortune, but remember—two of the sons went to the devil with drink. Do you want to share their all? You may covet the placidity of the artisan's simple home, but that home is there only through "many a labor, many a sorrow, many a tear." Keen disappointment, frequent failures, and immeasurable self-sacrifice are the background there.

Each one of us has to suffer. We can't live in the garden all the time; but we each have a garden plot for our own cultivation and delight, a garden that awaits us when the heat and labor of the day are past, a garden that lies under God's kindly stars, with friendly trees and dewy flowers, a garden over whose gateway a sign is hung: "Be content with such things as ye have, for he hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

It is a constant rebuke to me to see how some patient souls compel the desert to blossom as the rose. Read the autobiography of Dr. Trudeau and marvel at his conversion of his handicap into his aid, the capitalizing of his own disease to the redemption of men.

A Dream That Came True

Perhaps you recall Margaret Sherwood's *Worn Doorstep,* the tender diary of an American girl whose English lover, a scholar of Oxford, fell somewhere in France as he bore dispatches through the night that was illumined only by the white star shells and the long yellow flames from the belching guns. It is a wholesome book for all who sorrow or who are sensible of their solitude. Resolved to live as nearly as possible the life she would have lived with him, she searched until she found the kind of house they used to dream of. There she settled, unforeseeing that in the long run everything that ought to have come to that house would come there. At first it was only a hunted kitten, prophetic forerunner of all the suffering ones destined to find shelter there. Shortly it was a wearied woman carrying a seven-weeks-old baby on her way from the north of England to Salisbury Plain, that her enlisted husband might see his baby and say good-by. It was hard to let this stranger sit in the chair of him who ought to have been this house's head, but as she sat in it, crooning a north-country lullaby to the child that knew not out of what love or into what sorrow it was

born, the mistress of the hostel resolved that the vacant chair should be kept for all such wandering guests. Next came a Belgian refugee, a poor exhausted girl with bleeding feet and a foreign tongue, behind whom lay unknown terrors. Later two Belgian boys were adopted from that hearth, a man and maid were married from it, an alien woman full of years was content to die by it, and by its flare a whole family whose house and barns had been wiped out, in ten minutes tasted new hope as they welcomed the advent of another man child of their blood. So did everything come there that could have come in the long run. Thus does the author remind us that even Gethsemane is a garden where may be grown roses and hollyhocks and heartsease.

ROBERT FREEMAN

This is the Thanksgiving season. The attitude of gratitude is largely a matter of personal and cultivated disposition. We all have our ups and downs, but that is very different from being constitutional complainers. There seem to be two types of mind, one constitutionally morbid and the other constitutionally undaunted. Those of us who have a good deal to do with human nature get very sick of those who are always sorry for themselves; who are always complaining; for whom nothing is ever right unless they propose it, who always carry about a pitcher of cold water, not to refresh their fellows but to quench their neighbor's ardor; who know only negations; who see only the reasons against any proposed enterprise; men who let their wives do all the kissing. These all were born in a frost. They need carry no fire insurance; they couldn't blaze if they were soaked in gasoline. Browning's phrase describes them, "Ice starts no conflagration." Enthusiasm and gratitude are close of kin, and Emerson says, "Nothing great has ever been accomplished without enthusiasm," while another avers, "No heart is pure that is not passionate, no virtue is safe that is not enthusiastic."

Theoretically, everybody ought to be at a Thanksgiving service, but actually we are pretty certain to have at such an exercise only those who have cultivated the attitude of gratitude.

Then we have to recognize that there is a great deal for which we cannot be grateful: crime, costing our country 500 million dollars more each year than all our educational institutions, all our churches and all our charities put together; suicide, embracing 17,500 people every year in this country; poverty, though it gives to us its discipline, can never be a real cause for gratitude; unemployment is clearly a curse, both to those who should labor or who are dependent on their labor, and to society at large; the friction between nations and within nations; the selfishness of the makers of armaments, of the purveyors of liquor, and of many of the promoters of selfish business and contemptible policy. Such facts stir in us something altogether other than gratitude.

THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATIONS

But as I understand Thanksgiving Day, as Governor Bradford decreed it at Plymouth in 1621, as General Oglethorpe first officially set aside such a day in the Georgia colony in 1735, and as ultimately in 1864 President Lincoln universalized the celebration by proclamation, and as indeed each successive President has issued a call to the people to celebrate that day, it is not a time for the raking over of the things for which we cannot be thankful. It is no day for a political gathering, whether to condemn or to approve an administration. It is no day even merely to compare our lot with less favored nations. The President today, as in other years, speaks as a God-fearing Christian man, summoning us of a Christian nation to gather in our churches and to stir up in ourselves causes for thanksgiving, to sing the hymns of thanksgiving, each of us to be inspired to exercise his own imagination, to discover his own causes for personal gratitude. The attitude of gratitude must be personal.

"To set aside in the autumn of each year a day on which to give thanks to Almighty God for the blessings of life is a wise and reverent custom, long cherished by our people. It is fitting that we should again observe this custom."

You read some such words in a Presidential proclamation, and are likely straightway to be launched in the midst of the human maelstrom at the junction of Fifth avenue and 23rd street. There at noon, or in the theater section at Broadway and 44th street at night, a preacher is made to catch his breath as he asks himself what he would say to that crowd, did he have its ear for fifteen minutes. Who could hold it for fifteen minutes? He asks himself too how much that crowd is gripped by the Presidential proclamation of the morning about setting aside in the autumn a day to give thanks to Almighty God. A crowd is a frightsome thing. Yet one remembers that crowds don't last long.

They quickly disintegrate into smaller units, into families particularly, capable of finer feelings and higher thoughts than the seething multitude on the highroad hell-bent for profit or for pleasure.

Naturally such proclamation will make the point that "our sense of social justice has deepened. We have been given vision to make new provision for human welfare and happiness." But such a call to thanksgiving pivots on personal meditation, the study of one's own case, and the summons to one's own spirit. No one can cite for us all our causes for thanksgiving or even enumerate the classes of causes. Perhaps, though, I can paint a picture which, quickening your own imagination, may help you seek and state your several causes for gratitude.

Let us imagine a representative circle gathered about the blazing log after the turkey has been reduced to a mere skeleton of its former self. Grandfather is the garrulous member of the circle, indeed grandpa thinks that nobody else has quite so much to be grateful for as he.

THANKSGIVING AT THE HEARTHSTONE

"Yes, there's a bit of a garden in every back yard, and each has the flowers that belong in that soil. Now look at that five-year-old Tad who screwed his face into shapes because his mother said he could not have pumpkin pie for dessert. He felt that all the joy of life departed with the vanishing hope of that pumpkin pie, but it didn't all depart. Inside two minutes he had forgotten the pie and with eager curiosity was tearing open the box of candy I had kept in my pocket pending just such a crisis. That is one of the flowers in his garden, that rapid rebound, that resilience. Even physically, the child that is prostrate today is romping tomorrow. We older folk can't recover from our blows and disappointments so easily. The blows leave deeper scars and the disappointments sometimes hit so hard that they break our springs. The garden of childhood is full of beauty, carpeted with green and strewn with pink petals, but none of its blossoms is sweeter than this."

"That's all right about Tad, grandpa!" (It is John, aged twenty-four and recently graduated from college into business, who speaks): "But where's my rosy bower? It seems to me my back yard is a cross between a cactus patch and a boulder field. I am educated to want good things, and I can't afford to buy them. I am a classmate of Reggie Gloucester's. He was given a pass through the final exams because of the family name and fortune. I honestly earned my key and my place as valedictorian. But see the inverted order now: he is vice-president of the Gloucester Companies, and I get a salary that is hardly sufficient to buy my clothes. Moreover, I am wild to marry Marie. Father was married before he was twenty-one and mother was still nineteen, but here am I twenty-four with no near pretty prospect. Where's my flower-bed?"

"Well, lad, you do seem overwhelmed with misfortune. Would you like to change your college record with Reggie Gloucester for his position now? Would you resign the esteem of your masters back in the old college halls just to be vice-president in the Gloucester Companies? Would you like to change heads with Reggie Gloucester? Or, speaking of marriage, would you desire to exchange the hope of some day, some remote day, being married to Marie for the present joy of being the husband of Mrs. Reggie Gloucester? No, boy, you have a pretty good garden: your brains, your education, the love of a rare girl, freedom from great burdens, your visions and all the wide future. It is an enviable plot you hold, for you have yet to discover the plant you cannot grow. There is no sense of subjective limitation. The future is as rosy as you make it, and the world lies just ahead awaiting your conquering."

UNSUCCESSFUL, BUT THANKFUL

At this the father quietly interposes. "Of course, that's true about these children, and what you have said to the boys is just as true for the girls, but how about mother and me? You know I have never made any great success. Instead I am almost a failure, with very little provision ahead in event of such contingencies as are striking into some other families every day. It doesn't seem to me that my garden is any prize exhibit of American Beauties."

"No? Well, how about these girls? Are not they a prize exhibit of American Beauties? By that I don't mean to be merely gallant. I want to know whether a man and woman have utterly failed when they have given the world such children. Has a man made no success when he has passed on to a boy a passion for learning, the willingness to work for it, and the health to endure it all? But even if you never had had the babies, you have had each other for twenty-five years —a quarter of a century of growing affection and growing understanding, each being refined by what the other is, each being lifted by what the other expects, both being perfected as you suffered and struggled and wept and laughed and played and prayed together. Is that a garden patch to be despised?"

For awhile all is quiet about the fireside, where the logs have now become a bed of glowing coals with here and there a touch of grey ashes. Then Aunt Jane breaks the silence with a quiver in her voice:

"I can see all that. To me their garden, small though it is, is filled with all manner of beautiful flowers, but that is largely because, as you say, they have each other. But how about me? I have never complained, yet mine has been a lonely life, unillumined by the bright presence of the children I might have had, unelevated by the great deeds I might have done, unrelieved even by the companionship I——"

ROSES THAT NEVER WITHER

Here the quivering voice broke, and she said no more, but grandpa knew his sister's story.

"Yes, Jane, I know. I remember the love that once came to you long, long ago and, though the divinity that shapes our ends never suffered you to drink of that cup as you desired, yet, you know that love has always been yours, unspoiled with the years. It is your great white rose that has never withered. Besides, you know, you have done most of your seed planting in other

people's ground, and so have more gardens than any of the rest of us. How you have done so much I cannot guess. Lame and half-blind you have made yourself the most welcome visitor in two score homes. The children like you. The church depends on you. The sick get more from you than from the physic bottle. There's not a physician that wouldn't prescribe you for his patients, as the doctor used to prescribe R.L.S. for the sufferers at Saranac. Enter any home I can name to you and you may smell the flowers of your own planting. You dear, silly Aunt Jane, the very angels envy you your garden.

YESTERDAYS STILL ABIDE

"Perhaps," he continued after a moment, "you may be wondering how about myself, and yet you are too kind to ask. Of course, I suffer a good deal. I have to use this cane, and still I make poor progress. There is none of the easy rebound of Tad there, none of the rosy vision as of John's future success and happiness, none of the sweet peace of having my companion by me, for grandma has been gone nearly five years now. Nor can I go from home to home like Aunt Jane and reap the reward of an unselfish Christian ministry. She's the only saint in the family. But I have a garden nonetheless; two separate plots have I, my yesterday and my tomorrow. Memory waters my yesterday, reviving every flower that ever bloomed for me.

"My childhood is not dead;
Its blossoms are more fragrant now
Than when I trod the flowery bed
With ruthless feet. Yea, I vow
That every garden where for me the sun did shine
Was, and is, and ever shall be mine.

"No vernal friend is gone;
Those worthy souls struck roots too deep
For time to pluck. Against each dawn
Their rosy leaves wave me from sleep;
For every garden where for me the sun did shine
Was, and is, and ever shall be mine.

"The past is not the past;
All my blessed yesterdays
Shall bear their fruit while life shall last,
Their fragrance sweeten all my ways;
For every garden where for me the sun did shine
Was, and is, and ever shall be mine."

MEMORIES AND HOPES

Perhaps we may let the conversation drop there, knowing that it has not all been said, and only remind ourselves that gardens are not filled with beauty save only as they are watered and watched and worked upon.

To Rosetti, the gifted painter-poet, there once came a stooped old man seeking his judgment on a handful of sketches, hoping for some little encouragement. Painfully did the man of rare artistic talent and rare imagination endeavor to find some marks of promise in the crude work before him, and, finding nothing, sought tenderly to turn the old man aside. However, under that shabby cloak there was another portfolio containing sketches that *did* take the eye of the friend of Millais and Holman Hunt, sketches that *did* show clear marks of promise. But the master's enthusiasm was the despair of his visitor.

"I am the painter of both. These that you approve are the work of my youth, those that you condemn are the only work I can do in my age."

His skill had degenerated, his talent had become atrophied, his garden had been neglected and could grow only weeds.

Normally you and I should reach a fair old age. That old age will have to live on the memories and hopes we provide. So may we give the hallowed years a backward look on an honest, upright, generous, affectionate and useful past, and a confident forward look into the home of our Father, into the gardens of God beyond the stars.

Building a Christian World Community

By Mark A. Dawber

INASMUCH as this is the year in which the Methodists the world around are commemorating the Aldersgate experience of John Wesley, it is natural that I, being a Methodist, should turn to this event as a background for what I desire to say in the interests of the building of a Christian World Community.

No thoughtful person scanning the world horizon today can feel very comfortable about the situation. No matter how optimistic he may be, he will at least be obliged to admit that we have not yet succeeded in building a Christian world. We are surrounded by the debris of a decadent, selfish, materialistic civilization, and that debris may smother us. We may find ourselves suffocated and all those things that we value so highly, as part of our democratic heritage, may disappear, unless we are able to lift ourselves up from the ruins and start building again on new and holier foundations.

Our topic, "Building a Christian World Community," is interesting from the several points of view that each of the four words represents.

I. BUILDING

This suggests something active, something in process, and something in which we all may have part. The idea that God is going to usher in such a world, apart from us, is now outmoded. If there were ever moments when it would seem that the Divine Creator of the universe would step in and take matters in his own hands, surely we have witnessed such moments. The World War certainly was such a period. But God does not operate that way. He is depending upon us. It is to be a cooperative process. We are to be "workers together with him."

Again this suggests that our religion must be more than a belief. Faith alone cannot achieve the building

of the kingdom. "Faith without works is dead." The great end of life is not knowledge, but action. Knowledge, be it cultured, scientific or religious, which does not find practical expression in some activity, is a snare and a delusion. Yet much of our religious knowledge is of this latter kind. It was Karl Marx, strange as it may seem, who once expressed the view that a philosophy should not merely set out to explain the world but to change it. But I would remind you that long before Karl Marx was heard of this same thought found expression. It was Jesus who said, "He that heareth my words and doeth them not is likened unto. . . ." Always the emphasis on doing. "He that doeth the will of my Father."

Everywhere the world is getting impatient with the people who talk and do not act. Building the Christian World Community requires faith and intelligence, but it also requires action. Too many are content to let the preacher just talk about it. The future of the world is with those who act.

II. CHRISTIAN

There are other religions in the world, and we are well aware that each has its value and a contribution to make. There is good in them all. But Christianity is the religion of a Savior. We believe that the world is to be saved through Jesus Christ. But the world has not accepted him. The world is not Christian. No nation in the world is wholly Christian, not even America. It is Christian in spots. The task of making America and the world Christian is in many ways just as great as it ever was. While certain areas of life have been made Christian, other areas have reverted to paganism.

One of the most difficult books I ever read is *The Decline of the West* by Oswald Spengler. It made a profound impression upon me. All civilization seems to have a cycle of existence, he argues, like biological organisms. And he contends that Western culture, clearly in decline, is hastening toward the final stage of death. Will Durant reluctantly accepts this prophecy for Europe. And recent events in Europe would seem to bear out such a prophecy.

New gods are arising. Hitler is the new race-god of a formerly cultured nation. Stalin becomes the high priest of a class religion with heresy trials based on disloyalty to the reigning prophet. Mussolini assumes messiahship in Italy and a great church blesses his rape of Ethiopia and joins hands with the Fascist powers in defeating the will of the electorate in Spain. With us in America business is king, and religion must walk warily before its sacred temples.

One does not have to accept all the pessimistic arguments but there are certain very disturbing signs that call for serious consideration if the world is to be made Christian. Our economic structure is in chaos; our political order in confusion; democracy is repudiated, and there is widespread revolt among the world's peoples. Our educational system falters, its results are most disappointing; social disintegration is plain. Man has taken all power unto himself, eliminating God, and the result is chaos.

War appears to be inherent in our type of civilization. Peace is the accident, with war the main business. Declared war has gone out of fashion, for fighting or threats to fight have become the normal method of expanding trade. Militarism has become the very life blood of most nations and America is rapidly being carried into that philosophy under the plea that only so can she continue to exist in the twentieth century civilization.

Is it strange that pessimism reigns and that men are reverting to primitive and tribal ideas of survival? Such are the questions that face the church as it takes up anew the task of making the world Christian.

III. WORLD COMMUNITY

These two words belong together. Nothing less than this sense of unity and obligation can satisfy the truly Christian conscience. "The World is my Parish" said John Wesley, and in this pronouncement he gave to the church that sense of inclusiveness that should dictate its program. With any lesser sense of world outreach and responsibility the missionary task will lose its essential, Christian dynamic. No small, cramped nationalism, or provincialism, can satisfy the gospel claim.

The trouble with so many of our churches is that they have allowed their souls to shrink and are perfectly satisfied to carry on their own program within the walls of their own church buildings. We need right now a revival of international religion such as Jesus had in mind.

Such a Christian World Community, however, cannot be achieved unless we can find a way toward a more united, Christian impact upon the problems of the world. The Christian church is filled with the finest individuals in this nation and other nations, but they remain impotent to offer an effective influence in their troubled times, because they have no cohesion, no unity. Our divisions are a scandal before our common Father. This is the clear vision of those most spiritually minded among us and it is the great plea that comes out of the Oxford Conference. In the light of the world disintegration, a united church is the very essence of our sincerity in trusting God rather than man. Unless we can join hands and hearts in one great act of spiritual renewal as one body in Christ, how can we hope to aid that world fellowship of nations and peoples, for lack of which comes this unnatural enmity and destruction?

THE GREAT NEED—A UNITED CHURCH

I am now engaged in an interdenominational task, giving my time and energy to the work of getting Christians to work together in the administration of the missionary task in this country. I am tempted to begin to make another speech but I will refrain except to say just this: Don't you think it is high time we developed a program of Christian education that will break down these miserable barriers of denominationalism and create a religious experience that will transcend these narrow lines of denominationalism? I am glad that already there are such hopeful signs on the

horizon for a World Council of Churches—but we can well begin here in America to get a United Church of America.

E. Stanley Jones, in his last radio address before leaving America a year ago, made an eloquent plea for this kind of religious experience. He said:

> But I do not see how the Christian church can do the things I have suggested unless we get together. Our denominationalism simply cannot do the task. A divided world has little moral authority. The next great step within Christendom is for the churches to unite. But if we wait till we all agree on church government and church polity we will wait till doomsday. Let us come together on the same basis as these United States have come together—unity comprehending difference. I suggest that we drop our denominational labels as separate churches and have one church—"The Church of Christ in America"—and under this central unity we have branches—branches of the one church—"The Baptist Branch of the Church of Christ in America," "The Episcopal Branch" and so on, leaving the possibility of local self-government in the branches.
>
> We would be bound together in the "General Assembly of the Church of Christ in America." Here the united voice of the church would speak to the nation and to the world the great central Christian convictions. In this plan we would not be called on to give up anything fundamentally good in any branch, but each could give its good to the rest. Our basis would then be cooperative instead of competitive as now. Christians of the world, unite! You have nothing to lose except your dividing walls.

MARK A. DAWBER

Here is a task for Christian laymen. This business of missions will never get beyond the interest and activity of the laymen. The women of the church have demonstrated what can be done, and they have shamed the men in their devotion to the missionary enterprise.

THE CHURCH THAT CAN SAVE

In this matter of a united Christian advance the same is true. The laymen of the church could bring it to pass if they would get together and insist upon the leadership of the denominations taking the practical steps now necessary.

I believe that under God these things can be done. I am convinced that with all its shortcomings, the church may yet save civilization. If not, then I do not know what will save it. But it must be a newly consecrated, united church, a church that has repented of its sins; the sins of wretched compromises with the world; sins of a purely humanistic interpretation of truth; sins of denominational competition and divisiveness; a church that no longer follows man-made gods but prostrates itself humbly before God and vows with utter conviction—"not my will but thine be done." Only such a church can hope to build a Christian World Community.

Again we can well follow Wesley's advice. "Would to God that party names and unscriptural phrases and forces that have divided the Christian world might be forgot, that we might all agree to sit down together as humble, loving disciples."

From a Certain Log Book

By Jesse Halsey

They are written in the vision . . . and in the book. II Chronicles 32:32.

SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON and two companions, fighting their dreary way back from the South Pole, become conscious somehow of the presence of an unseen companion—Another. They speak of it, each confesses to the same feeling and the Leader's journal concludes the narrative in this direct, honest fashion: "Any record of our journey would be incomplete without some reference to these things which are very near to our hearts."

I

That word might well be applied to our human race. There are things near to the heart of humanity, deep and vital in its experience, that demand recording. "In divinity and love, what's best worth saying can't be said"—but we try it just the same, and in a hundred ways mankind through the centuries has left the memorials of his faith. These are very many in number and variety. Let us look at a few of them.

The groves were the gods' first temples; in their shade and on "every high hill" primitive man set up his altars and shrines. Go to that marvelous templed area in the mountain country of Japan at Nikko and

the symbols of man's devotion in art and architecture take second place to the stately overtowering creptomeria trees pointing heavenward; brought hither, we are told, centuries ago by a poor pilgrim who came from a great distance bearing as his only offering the spores of those giant trees, and making the three hundred mile journey on his knees!

From time immemorial migrant Jacobs have set up pillars of stone and made "Bethels"—houses of God and gates of heaven! Plutarch, the Roman traveler, says that it was impossible in his time to find a city without a temple, whatever else the city might lack. Heroditus, "the father of history," bears the same testimony and modern anthropologists find no remote tribes but have some forms of worship, be they never so crude. Man is indeed "incurably religious," and is constantly making mention of these things near his heart—in his music, his legends, his buildings, his literature.

Go to Chartres and stand, or rather kneel, in the presence of man's aspiration—and remain unmoved? The ruins at Delphi, under the "shining cliffs" with Jove's eagles wheeling overhead and Apollo's fountain hard by, stir deep emotions and make one understand the ancient confidence in oracles. The Serpent Mound sprawling across the Ohio plain and a thousand other hieroglyphic remembrancers—such things are writ large in the books of the Chronicles—of the race!

II

Not all religion, however, is good or uplifting. Some of its historic forms are bestial and degrading, some of its contemporary forms are sheer superstition. Just as in every other department of life, here also one must choose. And to choose the highest and the best is our obligation.

Have you ever noticed that often when a man gives up the faith of his fathers, he wanders off into something fantastic and unreasonable? This is not always true; reformation constantly goes on, and old forms drop away as new truths dawn on human consciousness —God still shows himself unto men. Revelation is continuous. All true, but so often one witnesses the pathetic sight of a man or woman who has grown cold and listless in the service of the church of his birth, espousing some new "ism" with enthusiasm—though the latter has no shred of the logical coherence of the former and little social value.

Years ago in the study of a great teacher, some students were talking about a recent and (then) influential book. It was Ernst Haeckel's *Riddle of the Universe,* which was having a great vogue. After an enthusiastic exposition by one of the students, who intimated that all the questions in heaven and earth were answered by the author in his thoroughgoing materialism, the teacher (it was Woodrow Wilson) turned to another student and quietly said, "Mr. X, would you tell us something about Democritus"—the point being, of course, that materialism was nothing new and that the nineteenth century expression in Haeckel was long antedated by that of Democritus in the fifth century B.C.!

That is true also with many contemporary fads in religion. Trace them to their source and you find that there are, verily, very few things that are new under the sun.

However, one is not here to criticize. In these things, as Jesus intimated, it is very easy to confuse motes with beams. Whatever religion you have, don't be ashamed of it. Live it in such a fashion that there can be nothing but praise for its quality, as you exemplify it. Christians were first called by that name in derision; they accepted the nickname and made it glorious. You can preach your gospel most effectively, whatever that gospel may be, by the way you order your life. There is no gainsaying that demonstration. You will want to speak of

Jesse Halsey

the things nearest to *your* heart and no true record of *your* journey will be complete without some mention of such things.

III

Yes, the greatest accomplishments of the human race have been dedicated to God. The creative urge within, at its unfulfilled, aspiring, best seeks to memorialize the Great Creator—records of the journey seem imperative!

This is not only a matter of ancient history and sacred lore. It is contemporary. Honest men and women, today, can and do say: "No record of my journey is complete, without some reference to these things which lie near my heart."

For example, Bishop Quayle, sleepless and worried, hears the divine voice say: "Quayle, why don't you go to sleep, *I'm* on watch," and casting his care upon the Lord, the bishop goes to sleep. That story was told on the air. One distraught, worried man heard it, and he tried the prescription and casting *his* care on the Lord,

he also found rest—but in the morning as he faced the new day all the old worries concerning finances and family health came back like a nightmare. Then that man heard a Voice, "When I awake I am still with Thee." And he found peace. Explain it as you will, the fact remains that out of the unseen, somewhere, Something comes which sustains and carries—and no honest account of the journey of life is complete without some reference to these vital things.

IV

There are many ways of saying it—or trying to. Let us take a few of them, from that classic journal of man's journey that we call the Holy Scriptures. You may have a different way of saying it. I challenge you to find a better way—more true to the best race and individual experience—than in some of the classic passages of this classic Book. Here are a few:

"The Eternal God is Thy refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms."

"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. . . . He restoreth my soul."

"The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord which hath mercy upon thee."

"Like as a father pitieth his children so the Lord pitieth them that fear him, for he knoweth our frame. He remembereth. . . ."

"Which of you that is a father, if his son ask bread will he give him a stone—if ye then . . . how much more your Heavenly Father."

Take the best you know, raise it to the nth power and enthrone that at the heart of your universe both in thought and practice—that *is* religion, and that is to take a long step toward finding God. No record of *your* journey is adequate or complete without some reference to these things—simply because you are made that way.

V

Just here is where Jesus Christ comes in. One like unto the Son of Man makes his presence felt in many a struggling life. He, in life and in death, sets a glorious example of what life may be and become. We read his life, we appropriate his spirit, we try to follow him. Something happens. Life takes on new values, both personal and social. We have a new interest in our world of men and of affairs. The tragedies of humankind wound us. Selfishness is challenged. A cup of cold water becomes sacramental. The remaking of the world after a supernal pattern, which Jesus called the Kingdom of God, seems possible.

Out of this experience we begin to form our own creed—"We believe and therefore speak." When we think of life's highest and best we think instinctively of Jesus Christ and when we think of him we think of God. That was the experience of the first disciples—it is ours. "In him dwells all the fullness of the Godhead bodily." All of God that could possibly be compacted into a human life was in him, so we call him the "Son of God" and scores of other names that represent our highest reach of thought. The best we know of life we learned of him, that is why we enthrone him at the center of our worship and say in all honesty that, for us, "in him all things hold together."

That is the experience of millions and that is our experience and no record of our journey is in any wise even remotely complete without some record of this inexpressible experience that lies at the heart of our being.

'Tis he, as none other can
Makes free the spirit of man,
And speaks, in darkest night,
One word of awful light
That strikes through the dreadful pain
Of life, a reason sane—
That word divine which brought
My universe from naught!

A Pastoral Prayer

By Ernest Fremont Tittle

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, before whom pass the generations of men in triumph or in disaster, it comforts us to know that Thou art concerned with all that concerns us and that in Thy hands, not ours alone, are the issues of history. In days of tumult and peril, suffer us not to forget that Thou art with us, using disaster to open men's eyes and the threat of it to influence their decisions.

Reveal unto us the good in others that we are failing to see; that we may not despise our human clay nor ever suppose that human conditions, however bad, are irredeemable. And do Thou in mercy reveal unto us the evil in ourselves; that we may not, with eyes in the ends of the earth, overlook much in our own desires and practices which is adding to the confusion and despair of the world.

We thank Thee for the hope which now is ours that some way may yet be found out of the valley of the shadow of death. Do Thou, O Lord, show us the way that leads to life and to all for which, at our best, we care and hope and strive. Grant that we, seeing the awful futility of war, may now renounce everything that makes for war; and that, earnestly desiring peace, we may also desire those things which make for peace. Help us to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with God.

By the awful need of the world, by the prayers of the noble dead, by Thine own unending travail and pain, move us, we beseech Thee, to commit ourselves wholly unto Thee, that Thy kingdom may come and Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The Gentle Art of Saying 'No'

By J. H. Marion, Jr.

IN her book, *Wake Up and Live,* Dorothea Brande suggests that one fine way of defeating the demon Routine is to set apart a day now and then on which we accept every reasonable invitation we receive. The idea has merit, but under no circumstances ought some ministers be allowed to hear it. They accept far too many invitations now. The fabric of their life is hopelessly tattered, their ministry is marred, by one simple defect—the inability to say No.

Years ago when I joined the church a wise old elder offered a bit of advice which I have never forgotten. "My boy," he said quietly, "learn to say no." What he wished for me, no doubt, was courage to refuse the enticements of evil men. But with the passing years I have discovered that many of the subtlest enticements come from good men: for the saint of the species, alas! is fully as deadly as the sinner.

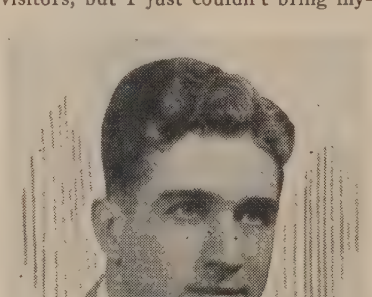
I was recently asked by the president of the Casamelian Club, a group of society women who for the past year have been studying American leaders in various professions, if I would not prepare a paper for the club on "Early American Preachers"? Now, although early American preachers are among my favorite characters, I knew I could not spare the time to prepare this particular paper. I said so. The president no doubt thought I was declining out of laziness or spite. The truth was, I hasten to say, there were other matters which I felt had first claim upon whatever energies I then had.

• *Spending Spiritual Dynamite On Foolish Engagements*

With about a hundred thousand ministers in this country, something like a million such invitations must be received every week. Just how many are accepted there is no way of telling, but I venture that if all the energy expended by American ministers in one week on foolish engagements were rolled into one stick of spiritual dynamite, it would do more than raise the Woolworth Building one foot—it would raise the level of American preaching many feet! No preacher, of course, ought to be a selfish recluse. Public spirit, the desire to be widely useful, and a normal sharing of one's community life all lay upon a person obligations which he will not care to shirk. But it is one thing to be public-spirited in this sense, quite another to be so exposed to the currents of popular wishes that one is blown hither and thither like a leaf before the wind.

I know more than a few men whose ministry has been all but wrecked by this common weakness.

There is the gentle Doctor B——. Spiritually he has been "killed by kindness"—his own! He is so kind that anybody can see him at any time of the day on almost any kind of business whatever. His study is more of a social club or clearing house than a place of meditation and hard thinking. "Years ago," he told me, "I once thought of having office hours for visitors, but I just couldn't bring myself to it. I can't bear to turn anybody away." For a quarter century now, that has been his policy. One calling at his study on any morning of the week might find there a Salvation Army captain, a Red Cross worker, a Y.M.C.A. committeeman, or somebody from any one of half a dozen other organizations to which this kindly minister has generously consented to give part of his time. But the results are far from cheering. His energies have been scattered to the four winds. He long ago lost all sense of system in his work. His desk always looks as if the tail end of a tornado had struck it. His sermons are shoddy. His face, though he is only in his middle fifties, shows the lines of deep weariness.



J. H. Marion, Jr.

Maybe that sort of life was this minister's calling. But I doubt it. There are signs that years ago he had a good mind, splendid executive ability. But these qualities never bore their promised fruit. His service to the kingdom would undoubtedly have been far greater had it been more concentrated. But he couldn't say No!

• *Geniality and Cleverness Gone Astray*

There is also the genial Doctor K——. Tall, personable, with a winning smile, he is convivial in the best sense of that word. He makes friends easily. He has them all over the state. Naturally, they like to have him around. They call on him for after-dinner speeches (his real forte), invocations, chapel addresses, Memorial Day orations, and even "a few appropriate remarks" at the formal opening of ball parks, hospitals and gymnasiums. He rarely declines. Having had several pastorates prior to his present one, he doubtless has plenty of sermons which can be quickly warmed over after a week crowded with Casamelian essays or invocations for the D.A.R.'s. He always gives the appearance of enjoying life hugely. No doubt he does. But I sometimes wonder if he might not have enjoyed life quite as much and served the world a bit more fully had he curbed his rampant extroversion sufficiently to say No more often. A man of fine intellect, he reminds me at times of a race horse harnessed to a trash wagon!

Then there is the hustling Doctor S——. Nobody could accuse him of spoiling his powers by a passion to be clever, but he has quite definitely reduced his spiritual value by a passion for a thin popularity. Every day the telephone or postman brings him invitations to do this or do that. With a fairly good mind and a still better personality, he is in wide demand. Almost every time I see him he mentions an engagement to which he has to rush within the next few hours or days. The tone of voice in which he speaks of these things gives him away. It is easy to see that he fairly basks in the sunny flattery of unnumbered requests. He receives almost every kind of call except a call from the kind of church he would be fitted to serve were he not such a gadabout.

• *'Juggling with Prunes' Not A Worthy Task*

Says an Episcopal limerick:

There once was a bishop
Who tossed every dish up
The moment he sat down to table.
At juggling with prunes
And fresh macaroons
He was really exceedingly able.

One curse of the modern ministry is

that too many men in it are far abler at "juggling with prunes" than at preaching sermons.

The remedy would seem to be clear. Not more prayers or postgraduate courses, but a more disciplined and honorable weekly schedule! What most of us need is the simple willingness to turn some people down, even though our refusal may result in temporary inconvenience or misunderstanding. "The surest aid to the writing of a book," said Anthony Trollope, "is a piece of cobbler's wax on the seat of one's chair." Sticking to one's study chair is also the surest path to an effective ministry. How accomplish that?

• *Seeking the Greater Opportunity*

All that some ministers need is simple discrimination. In a recent book review, Paul Hutchinson attributed the book's weakness to "the author's inability to make up her mind as to what book she wanted to write. Immersed in oceans of material . . . she never quite decided which one of three books this was to be." That is a picture of many ministers. They never quite make up their minds as to what the ministry is for, and end by making it a grand mixture of the trivial and the tremendous. Precious time which they might spend reading solid books they fritter away telling jokes to the convention of Amalgamated Grocers.

Others need to be more unblushingly hardhearted. Jesus was sometimes stern today that he might be more truly kind tomorrow. In the days of his popularity he was never so active that he neglected to rest and meditate. So, very often, the kindest thing one can do is to decline the smaller in order that one may give himself to the greater opportunity. There is a type of selfishness that is distinctly Christian, the selfishness that makes a man safeguard and develop his best self in order that he may give to the world nothing short of his finest powers.

What other ministers need is greater humility. It may feed our vanity to appear highly versatile, but the humbler course is often the wiser one, for a minister's value to society is not to be measured by the variety of his abilities. Although few preachers are able to specialize as narrowly as many doctors do, none is called upon to be a general practitioner whose service includes everything from saving souls to saving the Kiwanis program at the last minute. Versatility must never be allowed to turn one into a community handy-man. Clergymen like Henry Sloane Coffin can be gracefully expert in a variety of fields, but such men are rare. The average preacher will find more than enough to claim his best energies in the preparation of his sermons and in doing his pastoral work —with perhaps an occasional article on the art of saying No! It may be a blow to his pride to confess that he already has his load, but nothing is more important than knowing when to make this brave admission.

• *The Ever-Present Lure Of Hard Cash*

Still others must learn, quite frankly, to be less mercenary. I know that many warm invitations are backed up with cold cash, and what minister ever has enough of that! I know, too, how easy it is to rationalize our acceptance of that doubtful invitation by telling ourselves that with the money it brings we can buy that new book we need. But what we usually omit to tell ourselves is that with the time and energy we consumed on that Masonic picnic address we might have prepared a much better sermon that week with the books we had! For the truth is that most of us do not need money nearly so much as we need single-mindedness. A man whose motto is "These forty things I dabble in" may pick up occasional pin money, but he who says "This one thing I do" will in the end store up higher satisfactions than checks.

• *The Great Task of Shepherding*

Stephen Leacock says that in reply to many invitations he sends a telegram which reads: "Crushed with work. Impossible get away," and then strolls back into the reading room of his club and there falls asleep again. Leacock's deceit can hardly be endorsed, but his determination is beautiful! Indeed, one imagines that God could much more easily forgive the mild deceit of such a refusal than the downright dishonesty of many a minister's acceptance. Every preacher is given only so much energy and so much time. He is called upon to be as careful a shepherd of these two gifts as he is of the souls of men.

One kind of "yes-man" in the ministry is bad enough. We have no need of that equally spineless variety of "yes-men" who earn their title by acceding to every request or grasping for every opportunity which a thoughtless community dangles before them.

Timely Verse

Prophecy

WAR will not always be.
A time will surely come
When men will pause and say:
"In this, the fair today,
Our minds can scarce believe
That our forefathers strove
As very beasts, in blood—
Contemned the way of love!
The world took up the sword
And bathed the land in gore;
At one fell, fateful word
Our nation grimly swore
To give its gold, its life,
In never ceasing strife
To slay its haughty foe!—
But that was long ago."

And other men will say:
"Yes, 'twas a bloody tale—
More ghastly none can know—
But that was long ago."

THOMAS CURTIS CLARK.

Thanks

THANK you very much indeed,
River, for your waving reed;
Hollyhocks, for budding knobs;
Foxgloves, for your velvet fobs;
Pansies, for your silky cheeks;
Chaffinches, for singing beaks;
Spring, for wood anemones
Near the mossy toes of trees;
Summer, for the fruited pear,
Yellowing crab, and cherry fare;
Autumn, for the bearded load,
Hazelnuts along the road;
Winter, for the fairy-tale,
Spitting log and bouncing hail.

But, blest Father, high above,
All these joys are from Thy love;
And Your children everywhere,
Born in palace, lane, or square,
Cry with voices all agreed,
"Thank You very much indeed."

NORMAN GALE.

WHO'S WHO in THIS ISSUE

DURING the World War Rev. ALBERT BUCKNER COE spent twenty-one months in the artillery of the United States army, serving in France, Germany and the United States. He graduated from Yale Divinity School in 1922, and his first pastorates were in Somerville, Mass., and Waterbury, Conn. Since 1930 he has ministered at the First Congregational Church of Oak Park, Ill.

Rev. VICTOR M. RHEIN, *who received* his B.D. degree from Union Theological Seminary, was assistant minister of Broadway Tabernacle, New York, for three years, and is now pastor of the First Congregational Church, South Norwalk, Conn.

Rev. JAMES GORDON GILKEY *has min*istered at the South Congregational Church, Springfield, Mass., since 1917. From 1923 to 1930 he was Professor of Biblical Literature in Amherst College. Throughout his long ministry Mr. Gilkey has directed an elaborate program of institutional church work. He has written many books, among them *The Certainty of God, What Can We Believe?* and his latest, just from the press, *The Problem of Following Jesus.*

Coming to America from Scotland at the age of eighteen, Rev. ROBERT FREEMAN graduated at Allegheny College and Princeton Theological Seminary. He received a number of university degrees, among them an M.A. from Princeton University. His preaching career began in the Baptist fellowship, but for many years he has been minister of the Presbyterian Church, Pasadena, Cal. Mr. Freeman is widely known as a poet of distinction.

Born in England, Rev. MARK A. DAWBER received the larger part of his education there. He pursued social and theological courses at Oxford. Coming to the United States, he studied at the Boston University School of Theology, Drew Seminary and Garrett Biblical Institute. Following several years as a Methodist minister in Wyoming, he was called to the professorship of rural leadership at Boston University School of Theology. In 1926 he became superintendent of the department of town and country work of the Board of Home Missions and Church Extension of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Last year he succeeded Dr. W. R. King as executive secretary of the Home Missions Council. He had been vice-chairman of the council's Committee on Planning and Strategy for three years. His sermon in this issue has been prepared as a special message for the observance of Men and Missions Sunday on Nov. 13.

Rev. JESSE HALSEY *is a graduate of* Princeton and of Union Seminary. He served with Sir Wilfred Grenfell in the Labrador Medical Mission from 1910 to 1913. In 1917 he was with the Y.M.C.A. in Russia and the year following was American Agent and Chaplain in the British navy in Mourmask, Russia. Since 1913 he has ministered at the Seventh Presbyterian Church in Cincinnati. He is President of the Council of Churches of Greater Cincinnati.

Rev. ERNEST FREMONT TITTLE *is min*ister of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Evanston, Ill.

Rev. J. H. MARION, JR., *is pastor of* the First Presbyterian Church, Durham, N. C.

TITLES AND TEXTS

What Pulpit Readers are Preaching About

ALBERT D. BELDEN, Whitefield's Central Mission, London. "The Inward Struggle." Rom. 7:25—"Miserable wretch that I am, who will rescue me from this body of death? God will! Thanks be to him, through Jesus Christ our Lord." (Moffatt)

RICHARD N. OWEN, First Baptist, Clarksville, Tenn. "What the Crisis Means to Christians." Rom. 13:11—"And then you know what this crisis means, you know it is high time to waken up." (Moffatt)

CLARENCE E. MACARTNEY, First Presbyterian, Pittsburgh, Pa. "Calvary's Armistice." Col. 1:20—"Having made peace through the blood of his cross."

FOR YOUR SERMON AND TEXT

.....

Title of Sermon

.....

Text used (write out the text)

.....

Name of minister

.....

Name of church

.....

Address

DAVID NELSON BEACH, Plymouth Congregational, Detroit. "Bombproof." (Jesus to his captors) Luke 22:53—"This is your hour, and the power of darkness." (Jesus to his disciples) John 16:33—"These things have I spoken unto you that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall tribulations: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

ROGER EDDY TREAT, Bushnell Congregational, Detroit. "Keeping Sane in an Insane World." Job 13:15—"Though he slay me, yet will I trust him."

VINTON E. ZIEGLER, Warren St. Methodist, Brooklyn. "My Witness in a World of Hates." I Tim. 6:14a—"I charge you to keep your commission free from stain." (Moffatt)

WILLIAM W. YOUNGSON, Methodist, Tillamook, Ore. "Saved by Sharing." I Cor. 10:31, 33—"Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, all to the glory of God, even as I also, not seeking mine own profit but the profit of many."

BERNARD N. KING, Church of the Brethren, McPherson, Kan. "A Gracious Invitation Rarely Accepted." Matt. 11:28—"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

The Event of the Month

LAST month when I wrote this page we were standing on the verge of war. All the nations of Europe were poised for the plunge into inferno. Today the scene is changed. A peace has been made with the threatening dictators. Czechoslovakia has been thrown to the wolves, its rich mountainous rim has been pared off and given to Germany, and what remains is now in process of disintegration. Its president will find asylum in an American university. Its democracy, the glory of the great Masaryk and of a free and liberal people, is passing under the Nazi yoke. Hitler marches on toward the Ukraine and the Black Sea, gathering allies as he goes, detaching even Turkey from her supposedly wholehearted alliance with Great Britain and France, and opening the way eventually to Bagdad and the Persian Gulf. The dictators are now the masters of Europe. France is a second rate power, and every citizen of Great Britain trembles for the future of the empire. An unprecedented armament race is now on, with the United States as a hectic participant. What can a Christian commentator say in the face of such a development of events in a single month? I have no wisdom above that of the humblest reader of this page. One thing, however, I must say, and that is that Americans who talk big in condemnation of Chamberlain, speak with bad grace. There could be only two reasons why Chamberlain should have gone the limit in protecting Czechoslovakia. One was British interest, the other was altruistic devotion to the cause of civilization. Of the first, Britain herself must be the judge. Of the second, no American has the right to cast a stone unless he would have approved the actual military participation of his own country in the European crisis.

The Peace of Munich And Its Consequences

The Book of the Month

DID CHRIST REALLY LIVE? *By H. G. Wood. The Macmillan Company. $1.75.*

I OPENED this book in sheer casual curiosity. I do not remember having ever read anything on the question of the historicity of the man Jesus. His life and career have always been taken for granted. I knew, of course, that there had been a certain more or less obscure school of writers who held that he was not a historical figure, but what were the grounds of their contention had never interested me sufficiently to cause me to inform myself. Indeed, when this book fell into my hands my first reaction was a kind of jealous protest that a scholar of Dr. Wood's high station would concern himself with such a question. But I decided to see what it was all about, and found that the Christ-myth theory was not only aggressively supported by certain English and German thinkers, but that it was receptively entertained by numerous literary and philosophical writers whose primary interest lay outside the field of research into Christian origins. Moreover, there does exist, as I have long known, a widespread indifference even in Christian circles as to whether Jesus was a historical figure or not. Therefore, the book proved to be extraordinarily interesting and enlightening. The essence of the Christ-myth theory is that our gospels, beginning with Mark, are the reproduction of a religious drama extant either in Palestine or in other places and not a historical narrative of actual events. Professor Wood takes the whole argument and rips it apart with devastating skill.

A Thought for the Month

I HAVE done my bit in denouncing certain types of religion as "religions of escape." This was the final stigma we used to put upon any religious faith which made its devotees indifferent to the realities of this world. If you could brand such faiths with this category of "escape," you removed them from the serious consideration of intelligent people. As applied to the fantasies of millennialism, the characterization was not only pertinent but just. Any religious faith which could prompt its possessor to say with exultation, "The worse the world gets, the better I feel," was a travesty and a denial of Christianity. Yet there is a deep sense in which our Christian faith *is* a religion of escape. And ours is a time in which it should be so interpreted. We are caught in a worldwide obsession with scientific explanations of man. Man is a physical or a biological or a psychological or a sociological phenomenon. He is a product of those forces and processes which science presumes to observe and measure, and in some degree to control. Under the spell of this obsession we have tried to save man's self-esteem by making him a kind of god. "Glory to Man in the highest," we have sung, with Swinburne, "for man is the Master of Things." But this anthem now rings like mockery in our ears as we see how this obsession with scientific humanism has led both the world of humanity and our private souls into a state of chaos. I want a way of escape from this obsession. I have just sense enough to know that this whole view of man must be false. I want to break away from it, not into some unreal fantasy, but into the everlasting truth about myself and my human brothers and our common world. That truth I find in the Christian revelation that we are made in the image of God, that we are the children of his creative power and love, that we are joint heirs with Christ, and that our true destiny is one of eternal fellowship with the Father. Every other conception of man has proved false. The Christian gospel concerning man is not an escape from reality but an escape from unreality into the everlastingly real.

A Religion Of Escape

Charles Clayton Morrison

The hardest job any preacher faces is to

find that sympathetic group of hearers who will leaven his congregation with genuine understanding of what he is trying to say. There are so many things the preacher wants to say, but that some preachers feel must be left unsaid, simply because not enough of the congregation is sufficiently informed to know what it's all about. This is what Dean Lynn Harold Hough has in mind when he warns about "the gap between the pulpit and the pew." There is, however, one quick, sure way to bridge that gap. Cultivate in your congregation a group of regular readers of

THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY

An Undenominational Journal of Religion

CHARLES CLAYTON MORRISON, *Editor*

You know what hundreds of ministers run up against when they enter a new pulpit; what happens to scores of young preachers just out of theological seminary, tackling their first important pastorate. Perhaps it has happened to you. Just at a vital juncture when some burning, pioneering, prophetic word is needed, invisible mental walls rise in the congregation, bearing a "Thus far and no farther" sign. The preacher is restricted to a plodding, pedestrian message which has no lift in it; no sense of venture; no new insights.

Why is this? Because the message which the preacher would like to deliver would be "heretical," "radical," or "subversive"? Nothing of the sort! The only trouble is that the congregation does not contain enough people who know what is going on in the swiftly changing world of ideas—religious ideas, social ideas, all sorts of ideas. Such a congregation simply cannot *listen intelligently*. What the preacher needs, if he is to preach up to the topmost limit of his possibilities, is a group in his congregation *prepared to listen*.

It is a wise preacher, therefore, who begins his preparation for preaching by securing a group of parishioners whose minds are at home with the same questions that occupy his mind. What is the best way to go about that? We said it before: See that you have in your congregation a number of key laymen (and of course that means laywomen as well) who read The Christian Century every week.

Start your thoughtful laymen with a 17-Weeks' Acquaintance Subscription for $1.00

THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY
440 S. Dearborn Street
Chicago

Combination Offer:
The Christian Century & The Pulpit
One Year—both for $4.00